

The background is a complex, layered abstract composition. At the top right, a portion of a globe is visible, composed of interlocking puzzle pieces, with one piece missing. Below the globe, there are dark, swirling, and textured areas. In the lower half, there are sharp, dark geometric shapes, including a large triangle and a circle, set against a lighter, more textured background. The overall color palette is dominated by earthy tones like browns, oranges, and reds, with deep blacks and greys in the geometric sections.

WRESTLING THE ALLY

AN OBSESSION

T.A. TOMAX

Wrestling the Ally

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Wrestling the Ally

I dedicate these pages to WBB

*Gentle soul
Brave heart
Kindred spirit*

*Consider the power of wrestling your
Ally. His will is to kill you.
He has nothing against you.*

Lorna Dee Cervantes

1

It is not I.

It is you.

2

I was in the world.
The world was within me.
I longed for something.
I longed for something that had no name.
I longed without words.
God did not speak to me.
It was you who was my God.
You were a fierce God, remote and terrible,
your absence fueling my desire, your silence an
agonizing flame, consuming me wholly in an
ecstasy of yearning.
Now the skies are empty, and God is not here,
and all is vain.
There are no more voices speaking unto me, and
the visions have faded.
There is memory only.
And the wish to understand what I cannot
understand alone.
The passion of my heart: you.
And through you: myself.



A man without a past you said you were. Remembering nothing. Revealing nothing. Showing a brilliant surface to the world, jealously guarding the demons within. I did not understand—how could I? Caught by my own demons, struggling to keep them at bay, how could I have understood yours?

I could not.

Like a brilliant streak of light you shot through my life, illuminating the dark reaches briefly, and before I could adjust my eyes you were gone. Then, I was left to wonder: how it was that you permeated my dreams, breathing my blood, taking over my life, all that I knew of the world, all that I knew of myself. Who you are, who I worshipped as a God, slowly, deeply, ceaselessly. On the altar of whose flesh I wanted to sacrifice my soul. Whose heart I tried to swallow, offering you mine.

And it could not be done.



What you took I gave you

What I gave you did not keep

You opened your mouth
I gave you my tongue
It was where it belonged
I gave you my heart
You promised to swallow it whole
I can still feel your teeth biting down
You took my eyes and kept them in a place
Inside yourself among things that sting
When I offered my skin you took that, too
And wrapped it around yourself
You collected my sweat and my blood, my smell
You mixed it well and drained it all
I was stripped to the bone
I wanted your soul
You gave me your sex
You offered what you knew how to give
I devoured it all and reached for your heart
I wanted to give you all that I had

Too much! — you said

And down came the night so
I took back my sight
My tongue, my skin
And all that is mine
As much at a loss as I was before
Maybe more maybe

Less

What I wanted was nothing short of death.

I don't want that now.

There is nothing to tell.

Other than that I remember you well.



When I met you, I was wholly unprepared and I did not wait for anything. Yet I was ready: life and the future surging towards me as a wall of fire, compelling and deadly.

I was ready to burn to ashes.



— But do you not fear the pain? Will you be able to bear it?

— I have no fear. I will be able to bear it. Yes, I can bear it. I want to.



I did not conceive of pain.



I did not know. I did not expect it. I did not expect you. But when you stepped into my life I welcomed you with all I was, with all I am, as if I had waited for you all along, as if it had been *you* who I had always longed for.



You.



I wanted you to be the blade whose strikes should be the cause for my blood flowing freely, who should stumble towards my yearning on all paths, who would be the fire ravaging my heart, I wanted you to be the one receiving my madness, withstanding the fury of my longing, I wanted to offer you my despair, the torrents of black tears falling from my wild eyes, I wanted you to be who could bear the violence of my desire—defying all doubt and all reason, an ocean of relentless craving.



Blood I asked for.

Blood I received.



We spent days burrowing into each other. We awoke gaze to gaze, swept up in a surge of desire, kissing until our skin was raw. I bit you, you forced my head back and lowered your mouth onto my throat – and the more you took the more spilled forth. There was no end to it. When we were together our flesh ignited and we exhausted each other until we fell asleep in each other's arms.

And awoke gaze to gaze.



You were there.

And then you were gone.



- But you wanted the pain.
- I did not conceive of pain.
- You wanted it.
- I did not know.
- You should have known.

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- I did not want the pain.
- You did want him.
- I do want him.

- You want the pain.



You must never show who you really are.
You must never say what you really think.
You must never disclose what you dread and
what you love.
Never who you really are.
Do you understand that?
You must never.
Never.
Ever.



Still I cannot forget. I do not forget. More than
anything else it is a memory of the flesh, and my
flesh remembers well. How it was to be with you.

A body remembering a body.

This is what you drew to you: this raving greed,
this madness, this consuming need. Obsessed
with your flesh I wanted to tear it off your bones,

I wanted to drink your blood, I wanted to lose myself in you once and for all. Again and again I fell into you as into a bottomless void, my being a shuddering flame narrowing to one point which glowed brighter and brighter so that I hoped you could extinguish it, kill it, kill me with all that you put into me. The craving for you tortured me into a frenzy and the more I took of you, the more I craved you. I wanted to choke of you, I wanted to drown in you, I wanted to be buried beneath you once and for all.

I wanted to die of you.

I did not die of you.

But that is what should have happened, yes, it should have happened: death should have happened.

Blood happened.

Tears happened.

Pain happened.

Ecstasy happened.

Death should have happened.

This fever which your touch ignited, the trembling your gaze pushed me into so that the only thing left

me was groping for you, clumsily and breathlessly, blind and deaf to the world which was not you. But instead of diminishing it grew, instead of vanishing it turned into an infirmity, penetrating into the depths of my being and lodging there and nothing could stop it—even you could not, especially you could not, you who fashioned my body into a scream, who took possession of all my senses, who reduced the world to your flesh. You gave and you gave and it all kept falling into me, feeding my rampant hunger for you until it grew into something monstrous, something frightening, something insane—everything fell into my endless yearning, my body the gateway into space, nothing could accumulate there, it was never enough. The more you gave the more the need grew—I thought I must go mad over it.

And so we kept reaching into each other, again and again, until exhaustion, until despair—and the fire did not extinguish but kept burning brighter, hurting more fiercely, there was no escape, there is no—



After you: silence.



Soon it will be winter. You have been gone for months. And so you have torn yourself away from all there was: deep and cruel and savage. The sun is shining as it always does. People walk in front of cars, being run over, reduced to flesh and blood and shattered bones.

Do you stop sometimes?

Do you hold your breath believing you have seen me?
Do you grow confused, finding at the center of the world whirling about you — me?



Ah, your spell, your alchemy, looking me straight in the eye and pouring the poison of my obsession into me, enslaving my heart, drawing my endless desire to you, knowingly fanning my ceaseless craving:

You will love me, you say, you will love me because I am telling you that you will love me, because I am telling you that I will love you, because I am telling you that I love you, therefore, you will love me, therefore, you will have to love me, you will love only me, you will want to love only me, you